

# GEE AITCH 43

No. 27. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Friday, June 6, 1919

## Red Cross Convalescent House Scene of Dance for Nurses and Officers

### ANOTHER GAY GATHERING.

The Officers and their wives and the Nurses of the post gathered for the second time in the enlisted men's Red Cross Convalescent Building, and enjoyed another very pleasant dance. The high temperature of the night was somewhat relieved by a cool ocean breeze that floated in through the openings of the many windows of the hall. Something like thirty couples attended, and an atmosphere of gayety pervaded the room. Mrs. Richardson attended with her husband, Lt. Colonel Rich-

ardson, both of whom enjoyed the party keenly. Major and Mrs. Roberts and their little daughter, Elizabeth, were among the party, also Mr. and Mrs. French, and many of the other Officers and their wives.

The ladies all were very fascinating in their dainty gowns. Mrs. Richardson wore a gown of rose taffeta and gold lace; Mrs. French, lavender voile with a touch of purple; Mrs. Roberts, black satin and lace; Mrs. Merriweather, dark blue fulard; Mrs. Tearney, pink satin; Mrs. Sample, dark blue

(Continued on page 4.)



Not so Humiliating in the Army—therefore we have many re-enlistments.

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# GEE AITCH 43

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Published every day, except Monday,  
and devoted to the interests of  
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-  
ton, Va.

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## Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson,  
commanding officer.

J. H. French, Red Cross, field  
director.

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## Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson  
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning  
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

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## Officer of the Day:

First Lieutenant John J. Leary

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Friday, June 6, 1919.

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Sheer lack of thrift has caused more financial failures than anything else. How many men there are today who might become wealthy had they only known how to save money! During the course of their careers they have earned large sums, but these have slipped from their fingers from day to day. They had the natural gift of making money, just as their successful rivals, but they lacked the quality of permanent success—which is thrift.

Although the ability to make money is, to a considerable extent, a matter of natural aptitude, the still more important accomplishment of thrift can be acquired by anyone. There is no excuse for not saving money.

Thriftlessness is an indication of weakness. It is indecision of character.

Thrift requires steadfastness, and the marshalling of the last ounce of moral strength that we possess. But it does not require any special genius or brilliant gift of mind.

It is within the power of every man and woman to thrive through the cultivation of prudent habits. Practices

of thrift do not bring a guarantee of great wealth. But they are an absolute assurance of modest success and a never failing protection against complete failure and poverty.

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To achieve greatness is more glorious than to be born so.

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It was less than 10 years ago that the French aviator, Bleriot, made the first successful flight across the English channel—a feat which was considered remarkable at the time. Other aviators had previously attempted it, at times with fatal results. That was a distance of only 25 miles. Now flyers cross the Atlantic. In the light of such progress what may not be expected from aviation by 1929?

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“Hops Across the Ocean Soon to Be Common,” says a headline, but hops here after July 1 will be scarcer than ever.

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AMERICANESE is the most forceful and expressive language extant. Cultivate its use.

The slang words of today are the standard words of tomorrow and each year finds a few more pages added to our modern lexicons.

Remember in writing we are not catering to aesthetic tastes, but to thinkers blessed with analytic powers. Avoid frivolous fantasy unless it garbs an idea or a truth. There is nothing petty about the Gee Aitch 43. It believes in giving full credit to the ability of high or low.

We call a spade a spade and would not hesitate to call a King a “Two-Spot” if occasion demanded it.

Send in your stuff and if it possesses the saving salt of common sense we will feature it.

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Sing a song o’ thirty bucks,

A soldier’s heart is gay,  
When he salutes the gentleman  
Who peddles out his pay!

Fifteen for allotment goes.

War Risk, seven dollars.

Eight for bonds—now find what is  
Left of Thirty Dollars.



### HE CAN TELL 'EM.

Sgt. 1 c. Harris advises us he does not write his friends and that when he gets back home in after years, he's going to wear overseas service and wound stripes. When his friends inquire as to how and where he was wounded, he is going to tell 'em "By a bayonet, on the Toul sector."

### RETURNED FROM FURLOUGH.

Private 1st class, Michael Shubach, the fast short stop on our local base ball team, has returned after spending several days at home in Penna. He's looking fine and remarks he's feeling in great condition after his vacation.

### THE CHILDREN LIKE HIM.

Some days ago Private McGowan, of ward 4, did a very kindly act by attending to the welfare of a child at one of the homes on the post, and it seems that the youngster misses him now, so we are advised. The other evening the same infant was heard calling for "Ma-a-ac!" A night, or so later, he came in, and was more or less upset to find a great big baby (merely a plaster paris doll) snugly tucked in his bed. We are told that he thought he had got into the wrong place. We don't blame him. Don't let them kid you, Mac.

### PICKED UP.

#### Question.

Has Sgt. Hohl, been true to his word, and had the contract signed with Sgt. Connor?

Daniel Vesuvius McGeehan, was kindly undisposed yesterday. What was the matter Dan; did the squirrel get you?

#### Shrapnel

Private Buck: "Have you seen Sgt. H. Smith lately?"

Private Fever: "Yes, and oh! that grudge!"

Private Buck: "What! A grudge?"

Private Fever: "Yes."

Private Buck: "Why So?"

Private Fever: "If you had a 'foreign' lieutenant to steal your Recon-

struction Aide, wouldn't you have a grudge too?"

Rumor has it that a large Big Ben clock will be installed over by the Fire Company to effect the 'early to bed and early to rise' system, for some certain party's benefit.

"Know all men by these" presents, that Lt. Pacini shall be hereafter known as the "Checker King."

A tall, lanky Lieutenant, known as Fegan, wonders why Lt. Wells hasn't been receiving much publicity lately, so says an eavesdropper, who says the Detachment C. O. think this neglect on the part of columnists is somewhat strange, since pay day was only a little while ago and it is certain that Lt. Wells got his monthly check (we need the money, but are too timid to ask for it and haven't enough of the goods on the Commissary man to do the darn little trick of giving him a write up. All we know is that his wares are good.)

Does Jessie think any more of the Guards now since "plain" clothes men are on guard?

Do not wait to learn by bitter experience; but profit by the experience of others.

### CULLED HERE AND THERE.

Why those smiles some nights Sgt. Gray? Does (the) "O. D." have anything to do with it?

Table gossip from night nurse's table: "Hello, Van; putting out anything this A. M.?" "Yes, Vic, let me see you after breakfast."

Russell wants to be cashier of Noble's restaurant. Another good business gone wrong!

Read 'em and weep—Follmers' and Gersts' Discharges.

Sgt. Taylor, of the Fire Company, went home on a ten-day furlough, to see his state go dry.

## HIS MILITARY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Private Andre E. Paul, who has submitted previous snappy articles, now presents a tale of his army experiences thus:

President W. Wilson, because I voted and worked for him, appointed me, (without my political pull) Buck Private on Feb. 25, 1918. I was soon promoted to a "Doughboy." After reading my Dad's Life (George Washington, father of U. S. A.), I decided to never tell another lie. Well, I "tootsweet" got in "beaucoup" trouble; believe me. I was sent to prison at S'Aignon, and for a week was shamefully reduced to a "number,"—584 (you got my number now). Then was sent to Save-nay, Base Hospital 214, and for six weeks was a "Patient." I didn't know yet whether or not it was meant as a promotion; I got the same pay though.

Now I am in General Hospital 43, Ward 11, as a payed "guest" at the rate of one dollar a day. A Bolsheviki said to me—"You see you are losing three dollars a month for being in America." He calls it "bad business." (You don't know perhaps that he heroically served as a patient in various hospitals in the A. E. F. and he feels—rightly or wrongly—that since he is doing now what he used to do in France, there is no reason in the world to earn less; you understand why he is sore and swears at the government).

But to resume, allow me to state, dear Editor, in a "nut shell" (non-explosive) that when I left I was a "Buck Private" and now I am a "Nut Private," or in other words, from the proud doughboy I once used to be, I have fallen into a "Doughnut" with apologies to the good doughnuts of the Salvation Army.

(Signed—Private Paul, Andre E.)  
Temporary resident at Ward 11.

We wonder why Jack Kierns always wants to go to Phoebus in the afternoon. Can't you look 'em over at night, Jack?

—o—

Pvt. "Mary Louise" Archer is away on pass.

## ANOTHER GAY GATHERING.

(Continued from page 1).

messaline; Mrs. Austin, blue messaline; Mrs. Broadwin's gown was a lavender fantasy with tulle and rose buds. Mrs. Summers was very attractive in her gown of black and white satin. Mrs. Howard wore pink, accordion pleated, satin, while Mrs. Beck was attired in a gown of lavender crepe de chien, embroidered with beads. Miss Raybourn wore a dainty dress of striped white rose taffeta, Miss Ethel Boyd Beck wore rose satin, while Mrs. Kyle, blue meline and taffeta. Miss Humpreys wore a gown of brown satin and crepe de chine and Miss Leonard's gown was a gray crepe de chine. Miss Bradley wore dark blue satin.

Little Miss Elizabeth Roberts was real sweet and beautiful in her dress of light blue and she danced exceedingly well, but her smile was the best of all.

## FOUND.

Ladies Umbrella, at Baseball Grand Stand, after Saturday's Field Meet. Owner may have same by applying to Major Roberts.

## FAMOUS SAYINGS.

How far are we sea, Big Boy?—Hughes.

Well, I don't want to say anything about myself, but I guess I am good.—Emerson.

Look at the nose on him.—Hamby.

They can't get me in Ward 5.—Bill Hohl.

I hate all women.—Ernest.

I can make two bits go farther than any other man of my sporting blood.—Kohler.

I don't know a thing about your discharge.—PARKER.

They will have a hard time running this hospital after I leave.—Keefe.

Tighten on your hats, boys.—McGeehan.

How can you make whiskey out of oil of Rye?—Fritz and Riley.

For a nickel I'll prove it.—Wischebrink.